

HOW PEOPLE LIVE AWAY FROM HOME.

Random Thoughts on A Week's Stay at A Summer Resort. Studying the Foibles and Fancies of the Human Family an Interesting Pastime.

It was Gladstone, we believe, who said that "the best of recreation was a change of occupation." The author of this bit of philosophy was an incessant worker who crowded three lives into one and experience must have taught him that diversion and not rest brought relaxation to the over-strained mental tissues of the busy man. The man who lives under a mental strain does not find peace and happiness in idleness. When the August month approaches he sits in his office and sighs for the seashore or the mountains where the music of the lapping waves or the sighing of the pines drives away business cares and close communion with nature brings peace and happiness and contentment to the weary mind. Thrusting business aside he journeys to his favorite resort but ere he has spent a day among unfamiliar scenes and still more unfamiliar faces the picture fades and his wish is that he were at home again wrestling with the old problems that had brought furrows to his face and tinged his hair with gray. He is unhappy because he is idle and then an innate something impels him to seek diversions because they bring forgetfulness and very shortly he will be found on the lake rowing, although he has not picked up an oar since he was a boy, or he will take long jaunts into the hills and mountains, never complaining of the discomfort he suffers from the rays of a broiling, mid-day sun. It is the impulse to do something out of the ordinary that is the essence of all joy at the watering places. Creating diversions for yourself you help others to enjoy themselves until finally your feeble beginning resolves itself into a continuous round of enjoyment that begins with the morning meal and ends with the mid-night hour. Add to this the meeting of new acquaintances, the renewal of old friendships, the tales of adventure recounted by a loquacious guest, the jokes of the budding humorist, the misfortunes of the unfortunate, the growls of the grouchy, ill-tempered dyspeptic and you have the sum total of a day's incidents at the average watering place.

It was at Jackson Springs, one of North Carolina's famous resorts, that the editor of The Herald recently spent a week. Jackson Springs is situated in the foothills of Moore county and is reached by traveling over the A. C. L. railroad to Hope Mills, thence to Aberdeen by the Rockfish & Aberdeen railroad where you take the Ashboro & Aberdeen railroad which carries you to the Springs. Here you find a large hotel with about 200 rooms, equipped with all modern conveniences, and dotting the hills for a radius of a mile are a number of pretty cottages filled to overflowing during the summer months. The origin of Jackson Springs as a summer resort is not so very old, but the discovery of the spring itself dates back to the time when the country was a wilderness and the painted Indian warrior went there to quench his thirst and the skin-clad squaw used its rocks to grind her meal and rinsed away the husks with its never-ceasing waters. The rock upon which the meal was bolted is still there—a

grim and silent relic of a departed race whose wild and romantic life has for generations fired the imagination of writers in prose and poetry. The waters are cool and clear and light and if you drink freely of the bubbling spring you feel an exhilaration like unto a draught of ale. Its analysis shows a good percentage of magnesia which gives it great virtue as a tonic for diseases of the stomach, produced by over-eating and imperfect digestion. The water is very light and persons who drink it in large quantities do not feel any ill effects afterwards. Another peculiar virtue it possesses is that the first day you drink it you perspire as freely as though you were in the sweating room at a Turkish bath. The Spring is the most popular place at the resort. The hotel guests and the cottagers seem to think the chief object of their stay at the Springs is to drink as much water as the laws of nature will allow and every now and then one is unfortunate enough to stumble over the braggart who seems to take keen delight in boasting that he drank as many as five or ten dippers full without stopping. And there is the stout old lady dressed in sombre black who has journeyed hundreds of miles to take the waters in the hope they will cure her of chronic indigestion. She corners you where there is no possible avenue of escape and pours out her troubles as fluently as a phonograph record reels off a popular vaudeville air. If some one does not come to your rescue you swoon at her feet and then sympathizing friends rush in and bear you off to some place of safety. Her doctor has prescribed a course of very light diet and she is simply starving to death, but maybe at the next meal hour she sits at your left and when she sends in her second order for greasy griddle cakes with maple syrup you simply gasp in astonishment and then marvel at the idiosyncracies of human nature.

THE DYSPEPTIC.

Another character that one never fails to find at the summer resort is the confirmed dyspeptic. In general appearance he is small and wiry of stature with the usual stoop from the small of his back to the crown of his head. His complexion is pale and sallow and his features are dry and hard, showing deep furrows at every point where the skin is exposed. His hobby is nervousness, and as he spins out a tale of woes his hands shake and tremble like a man afflicted with palsy. His slumbers at night are disturbed by the most horrible dreams and his most refreshing sleep is gained when he dozes in a rocker after the noon-day meal. Nothing pleases him. When the sun is bright the glare affects his eyes and if the day is cloudy his case of melancholia suffers a relapse. Despite his failings you learn to sympathize with him until you reach the dining room and watch him devour huge hunks of meat and then abuse the waiter because the extras are not brought in fast enough. His physician sent him to the Springs also and recommended a course of very light diet. After a stay of two weeks he returns home and tells his friends there is no virtue spring water and that summer resorts are humbugs, anyway.

ON DRESS PARADE.

The could be no continuous round of enjoyment without a climax and the height of the days' pleasures is reached at about 7 p. m., when the ladies go on dress parade. They have been slumbering all the afternoon refreshing themselves for the crowning hour when all the finery that

mothers and sisters and aunts and cousins have been burning mid-night oil over for the past several weeks must be shown to the best advantage, and at 7 o'clock a burst of music from the Italian orchestra is the signal for their appearance. They come from everywhere. Some fly down from the heavens like angels and others rise up out of the ground like fairies. They collect in the hall-ways and the lobbies and their beauty dazzles you. You rub your eyes and look again and now they are promenading on the piazzas. They do not sit; they simply walk and walk and walk. The chairs are reserved for the weak-kneed men who lounge and look and ogle and "rubber" until the vision dulls their senses and they fall back into a state of coma. After a while some bewitching woman leans over gracefully (they can't bend very far) and whispers something in the ear of a semi-conscious man. The words seem to electrify him. He springs from his chair and catching her arm they stroll over to the dancing pavilion. Then others follow and soon the music starts and the dancing begins. Here there is more promenading and the dancing lasts until a very late hour when the crowd disperses and the sleepy and exhausted husbands are dragged back to the hotel where they swear like sailors as they prick their fingers unpinning shirtwaists.

THE MERRY WIDOW.

The social life of a summer resort is not complete without the presence of a widow. Every summer resort of pretensions must have a widow or its popularity suffers. And as rule the summer resort widow is a most charming person. She has a most gracious smile for everybody and she dresses so magnificently that she is always the centre of attraction. When she sweeps down the veranda with the majesty of a queen scattering smiles among her subjects interest in cards lags at once and the professional player is just as apt to lead a duce as an ace. She is popular with everybody and contributes no little to the pleasure of the guests.

"ONLY NICE PEOPLE."

A petite French maid dressed in conventional black keeps your apartments as neat as a pin. She makes friends with your wife at once and can tell you the history of every person who has occupied your apartments since she has been in the employ of the hotel. She is loquacious and knows something about everything. She will flatter you by telling you that "only nice people" occupy your apartments and casually remarks that Mrs. Newrich, who occupied these apartments only a short time ago, must be a very wealthy woman as she was so liberal with her money. And then there is the ante-bellum darkey who sweeps and dusts and calls you "honey" and "child." She too has a very pleasant recollection of Mrs. Newrich and opens her big white eyes with an expression of well-feigned astonishment when she tells you that her former patron "wuz just kivered wid dimonds." She takes a keen interest in your personal welfare and makes a vigorous protest if you attempt to rise before eight in the morning. Arising you make a hasty toilet and rush down to the Springs where you gorge yourself on water until you swell up like a pouter pigeon. Your torso becomes so rounded that if the hotel were at the foot instead of at the top of the incline you could cast yourself upon the ground and roll down the hill into your seat at the breakfast table without extra exertion.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE DRUMMER.

There is no escape from the drummer. Drop him down in a St. Regis drawing room or pitch him into the middle of the Sahara and he is as much at ease as if he were discussing politics with fellow travelers in the lobby of a village inn. He leaves the main line of railroad and rides 16 extra miles to spend the night at Jackson Springs. He arrives on the evening train and leaves early next morning. Perhaps you have never seen him before but he boldly approaches you and blandly asks "What's your line?" This enquiry opens the way for a conversation and before he is half through telling you how many big orders he got last week from merchants who did not want to buy you are on familiar terms with him. He may have a wife and half a dozen children at home but he is fond of the ladies and plays the role of a gay Lothario to such charming perfection that scarcely an hour elapses after his arrival before he knows everybody at the Springs and is introducing you to guests you may have known a week. He is everywhere and only those who die and go to heaven ever escape him.

There is nothing like a week at a popular summer resort. It revolutionizes one's life and you do things there you would not dream of doing at home. When you are not walking or rowing or bowling or eating or talking or dancing you are playing "set-back." "Set-back" is the popular game at the Springs and the best players are the church deacons and stewards and elders.

They play from morning till night and then rush in to the dining room and gulp down a hasty supper and rush back to the tables and resume the game until bedtime. They retire and their dreams are disturbed by visions of aces and duces and jacks and tens that flit back and forth across their closed eye-lids. If you are suffering from ennui or nervousness or over-work go to the Springs. If you survive the week of strenuous life you will return home a reconstructed man.

A Corpse Excursion Ticket.

"It may be economical; it is certainly ridiculous," said Senator Tillman of a proposition he opposed. "It reminds me of Calhoun White.

"Calhoun White stuck his head in through the ticket window of Salters Depot railroad station and said:

"Boss, gimme two round trip tickets to Society Hill; one fur myself and one for a corpse."

"I never heard of nobody buying excursion tickets for corpses," said the agent. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Well boss," Calhoun White replied, "my brother Webster died yesterday and I want to take the corpse up to Society Hill and let the family review the remains, and then I'll bring him back to Salters Depot here and bury him. That'll be a big sight cheaper than for the whole family to traipse all the way from Society Hill and all the way back again."

A GENUINE SNAKE STORY.

Here on the eve of the dispensary election and two weeks since the dispensaries were closed comes a genuine snake story that is vouched for by the contents of a quart bottle. Sunday Mr. S. T. Clowney, of the section, killed a moccasin and on cutting it open young snakes ran here, there and yonder. After diligent work by himself and others, who witnessed the killing, there were caught—now hold your breath—62 small snakes 12 to 18 inches long. It is not known whether any escaped. These snakes have been on exhibition here the past few days, being securely bottled.

A LOOK AHEAD.

It has been announced that Thomas A. Edison has perfected his long promised storage electric battery, and that it meets the most sanguine expectations of its inventor. In the near future, it is promised, a revolution will be accomplished in the application of physical energy to achieve the ends of physical endeavor.

If the prediction is verified, a single farmhand of 1925 will find it an easy task to plow, disk, harrow, and plant 40 acres of corn from rise to set of a single day's sun, and during the crop season he will be able to cultivate 200 acres planted to that cereal, with less draft on his physical constitution than 10 acres tax him now. When that day comes, if those rosy expectations are justified, the husbandman will devote his hillside to meadow, pasture, orchard, and forest, and cultivate the level parts of his farm after the teachings of Campbell, and in accord with the idea of the intensive system.

The mule will become an extinct animal, and the horse will be bred for pleasure and for sport only. Farm life will be delightful. A storage battery in the cellar will provide light and heat, and in the intense warm months of summer it will be put in requisition to cool the torrid atmosphere. Hay will be cured within an hour after the grass is cut by electricity and stored in the barn ere the sun goes down that day, a sweeter and wholesomer provender for domestic live stock.

This invention will force the construction of good country roads and thus \$800,000,000 annually will be saved to the farmers in the single item of carrying their products from the farm to the railroad station.

Then when we contemplate that other promise of Luther Burbank that by intelligent plant propagation Mississippi may become a wheat belt and Illinois a cotton belt, the possibilities of the future are so vast and stupendous as to stagger the most riotous imagination. Will history decree Edison greater Napoleon?

LIMBERNECK.

This is the season when limberneck makes its appearance, and letters pour in on us, asking what causes it and what will cure it. Limberneck is caused by maggots which gather in a solid ball in the chicken's craw, causing death unless removed.

The maggots are gathered by the fowls from dead carcasses, or decaying vegetable matter, and must be either killed or removed from the craw before the fowl gets relief. Ten drops of turpentine three times a day will usually effect a cure. Do not forget to clean up the premises, burying all dead fowls or animals and sprinkle lime over yards. Fowls that run out in the fields and orchard never have limberneck, because they gather all the bugs and worms they want and do not trouble themselves with decaying matter. When a fowl dies, its body is often conveniently pitched over the yard fence, where the other fowls can get to it. This is wrong. As soon as one dies, bury it and there will be less sickness among the others.

Marriages.

The following were married by Rev. Hugh Harrelson at his home near Hamer:

On August 15th., Miss Annie Scott to Mr. John Miller, both of Robeson county.

On the 22nd. instant Miss Annie Grantham to Mr. J. M. Murray, both of Robeson county.

RACING SEASON CLOSES WEDNESDAY.

Last Meet of the Pee Dee Circuit will be Held at Dillon on the 31st. Driving Association Preparing for Great Event. Looking for Big Crowd of Visitors.

The Pee Dee Circuit which has furnished so much amusement for the lovers of fast horse flesh in this section of the State closes next Tuesday with a great meet at Dillon. There has been some fine racing on the Circuit during the several weeks just passed. Some of the best horses in the South have competed for the purses offered by the several associations and the pacing and trotting records in this state have been lowered on more than one occasion for the first time in many years. Dillon was the first town to venture into horse racing and the construction of the track here which in the beginning was looked upon as a hazardous undertaking has turned out to be a most profitable experiment. In addition to paying the stockholders a fairly good dividend it has advertised the town far and wide and has brought visitors to town who might never have come here. Dillon has had some of the best racing on the Circuit and has more low records to its credit than any other town in the Pee Dee where races have been held. Every effort will be made, however, to have still better races next Tuesday and there is every promise that visitors to Dillon that day will have an opportunity to see some exceptionally fine sport. The track is in excellent condition and if the condition of the weather remains unchanged the horses will be at their best. The races begin promptly at 1.30 o'clock.

DEATH OF CAPT. SINCLAIR.

On Tuesday morning Aug. 10 1909 at 6 o'clock the spirit of A. C. Sinclair took its flight to the God who gave it. Mr. Sinclair's parents were from Scotland and came to this country in 1820. He was married just after the war to a daughter of Alexander Blue, Mary Ann by name, to whom were born five children. One son A. G. Sinclair, is in business at Bennettsville, A. C. Sinclair is in Rowland, N. C., merchandizing, one daughter married D. M. Watson, of Rowland, and D. C. Sinclair and Miss Mary E. Sinclair reside on the farm at Sinclair's x Roads. Mr. Sinclair was until about 10 years ago a member of the Presbyterian Church but he took an active part in helping to build Oakland M. E. Church and he then connected himself with that church of which he was a consistent member when he died. On July 12th. 1902 he married the second time, Miss H. J. Hargrove who survives him. She is a daughter of the late Stephen Hargrove Esqr., who was well and favorably known in his community. No issue from this marriage.

Capt. Sinclair served in the Confederate war and was promoted from ranks December 1862. Was wounded at Petersburg in 1864 and was the surviving commander of Fairlee's old company of Orrs rifles. He spent his life in rural pursuits and always took active interest in religious as well as secular matters that had a tendency to build up his community. He died at the age of 73 years beloved and respected by all who knew him. David S. Allen.